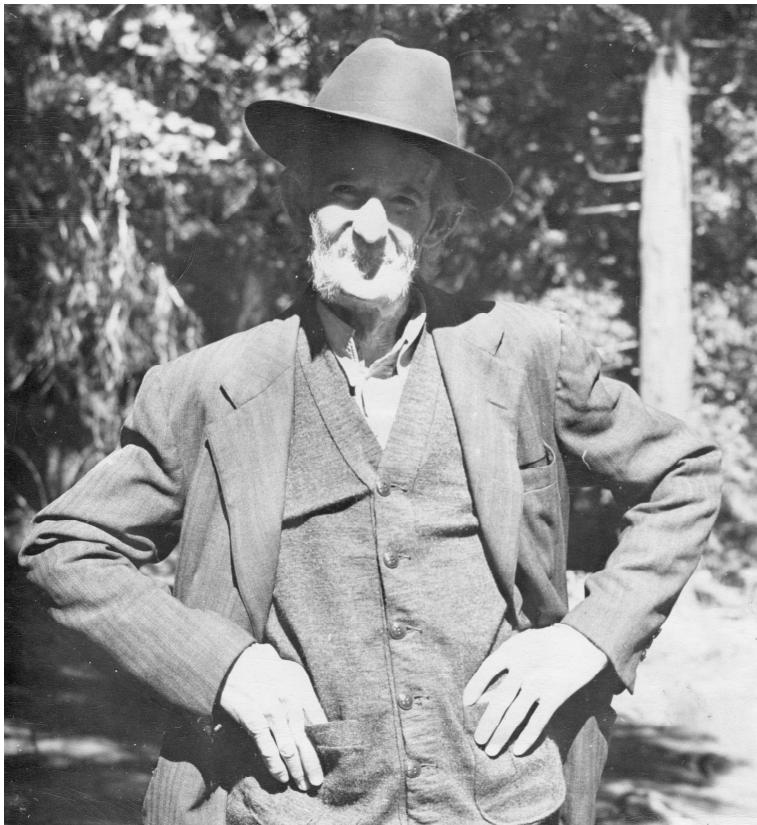


## Trip to San Jacinto Peak Robert Haley Asher



**Robert Haley Asher, September 9, 1945**

Robert Haley Asher was born 28 March 1868, to Josephus Marion Asher, who was the first commercial nurseryman in the San Diego area, providing buyers with fruit trees, shrubs, and vines from his Fruit Vale ranch in Paradise Valley, National City. Robert Asher settled on Palomar Mountain in 1903, and ultimately had 160 acres, living in the Pauma Creek / State Park area. Robert Asher also lived off Palomar Mountain part of the year working as a nurseryman. On Palomar, Asher took and sold photographs of summer campers, trapped animals for pelts, collected and sold wild plants, picked apples, and worked odd jobs. Asher moved off Palomar Mountain in 1946 to his sister Mrs. Josephine A. Vacher's place on Fuerte Drive in El Cajon and continued to visit Palomar Mountain until 1951. Asher donated land to the Baptist Church in 1933, more land came along later from him, and this was the beginning of the present day Palomar Christian Conference Center. Asher passed away on 25 April 1953 at age 85.

These digitized pages are from the Robert Haley Asher papers (held by Peter Brueggeman). When Josephine Vacher's son vacated the family house in El Cajon, the family gave Robert Asher materials at that location to Peter, due to his Palomar Mountain history interests. Digitization of these materials and posting them to the Internet Archive is intended to enhance and preserve access to these materials.

The final three pages seem to be a synopsis with comments, and date it to June 1903. "When, in 1903, an influential group of Los Angeles citizens, concerned about forests and watershed protection, approached the University of California, President Benjamin Wheeler called upon Jepson and Professor Arnold Stubenrauch of the agriculture department(?) to conduct what turned out to be a very successful forestry summer camp at Idyllwild in the San Jacinto Mountains. The 10 lectures which Jepson delivered dealt with "Life-history of a Tree," "Classification of Forest Trees," and "Forests of California." FROM: Willis Linn Jepson -- "The Botany Man" Richard G. Beidleman, 2000. [https://ucjeps.berkeley.edu/history/biog/jepson/jepson\\_the\\_botany\\_man.html](https://ucjeps.berkeley.edu/history/biog/jepson/jepson_the_botany_man.html)

## The Trip to San Jacinto Peak.

The ~~circus~~ started in less than a hundred yards after leaving the stable. The donkey was at the end of a picket rope and was supposed to trail along behind the horse, but he became ambitious and tried to get ahead, I shoved him back a time or two, and then he was off on a tangent to the left. There was a big oak tree beside the road. The donkey tried to get ahead on one side of the oak. The horse on the other. Both came to a halt before my arms were completely pulled out of their sockets. And there the three of us stuck. I pulled and jerked on the rope, but the donkey wouldn't budge. Finally, I jumped off my steed, and coaxed my asinine friend around to where he belonged - back of the horse. I then remounted and remarked "Giddyup". Nothing happened. "Giddyup" I repeated slapping the horse's flank with the slack of the picket rope. Still nothing doing and so on for several minutes. Then my patience gave out. <sup>When things</sup> I jumped off and led the two animals back to the stable. I would have sworn that I had seen some grinning faces in the boardway, but when I arrived there the stableman greeted me quite soberly. "Why! Why! What's the matter?" "Plenty" I grunted. "I'm done. Here take your line stucks!" "Oh now, that's funny" said the stableman as he backed away from the proffered ropes. "That's very funny!" "Well, it isn't funny to me. You were watching. You saw what they did. If that's funny -" "Here, here" Hold your horses - I mean your brass and jacks. Course I seen what that boss was a'doin', an' that's what's funny. I never seen him do such a fool trick before - ~~ever~~. Here, let me help you on again again." And the next thing I know I was in the saddle and my friend was whooping the boss with a convenient good sized stick. "Boss" went forward, donkey trailed behind, and all was lovely until we were about half way to the Hotel. Then the donkey repeated the same tricks he had put over before. <sup>But I played with the</sup> And we arrived at the Hotel amidst the

Poltoe reached in Round Valley. Only 3 saddle horses. 1 to the upper  
Steb. & Jefferson. must have rolled their horns. To get to Canyon.

plaudits of an admiring audience consisting of two local gentlemen who were unloading a wagon full of fire wood. Ignoring the mirth, but silently boiling inside, I load the duffle onto the donkey's saddle and was off, with the <sup>cowboys</sup> yobels still snickering.

Now, if any one has ever been over the Tangut Trail of those days he will know that is very steep for one thing, and the steepness is not confined to the trail itself but that the mountain on either side is also steep. When I arrived at the foot of the steep part of the trail, I first made sure that my professors had passed on before, then I wrapped the donkey's picket rope around and around his neck, and turned him loose in the trail ahead of the horse. For awhile all went well. Donkey trudged ahead like an angel, and horse followed after at just the right pace to match the donkey's <sup>stride</sup>. Then the brush thinned out on the lower side, and Mr. Donkey went slipping and sliding to the bottom of the canyon! Arriving there, apparently none the worse, he ~~struck~~ <sup>struck</sup> out down the creek bed toward the Hotel. I got my horse around and down to the foot of the trail and over to the creek. There I followed the donkey's very plain tracks for quite a distance, but did not see any donkey. I had just concluded that donkey was clear back to the stables by that time when I came upon him in a cul-de-sac in the brush. He could have gone back and around, if he had wanted to, but there he was quite unable to go ahead in the only direction he had any desire to go.

My understanding had been that the professors were to wait for me in Tangut Valley, but when I arrived there was no response to my repeated yells. There were two trails to the Peak out of Tangut, and I had told them that I would leave Tangut via the Long Canyon Trail, and not by the Hidden Lake Trail over which I had never been. So I proceeded to the foot of the Long Canyon Trail. It was well past noon, and

by all rules of the game known to me, I should have found my professors impatiently awaiting my arrival with ~~their~~ lunch. At the time, I did not know that when they left the hotel they were supplied with lunches. I simply waited and waited. I was plenty hungry, but it wouldn't have been polite for the guide to eat before his guests arrived - would it? There was no fresh horse or ~~some~~ human tracks about. Time passed. After 2 o'clock. No reply to yells. I concluded that they must have decided on taking the Hidden Lake Trail. So I hastily ~~put~~ <sup>got a note</sup> stowed my dinner where it would do the most good and ~~struck up~~ <sup>proceeded</sup> the Long Canyon Trail. I had almost reached the top place where the trail takes to east, when along came Stuberach puffing ~~like a steam engine~~ <sup>like a steam engine</sup> and me. "Here, give me your horse," he gasped ~~commanded~~ "I'm about all in." "How come?" I said. "Where's your horse?" "I gave him to Zumbro." "What for?" "Well, Zumbro's horse laid down, and Zumbro couldn't get him <sup>long enough</sup> ~~up again~~ so he could ride him, so I gave him mine." "But where have you been all this time?" I yelled and yelled and waited hours for you at the foot of the trail. "I know - it was a mean trick to play on you, but when we got to the crest of Tanginty Trail, Zumbro and Jepson wanted to see Tanginty <sup>Volcano Peak</sup> ~~Peak~~ and the sidetrip took longer than they figured on. Jepson says for us not to wait for them. Zumbro has found a new lupine. Let's be moving!" We moved, Asher afoot leading Sir Donkey - one donkey leading another donkey but not both falling in the ditch together because the four-legged donkey behaved beautifully, so beautifully, in fact, that Stuberach expressed considerable scepticism when I ~~related~~ <sup>due to the unseemly</sup> ~~my~~ told him what I had been through <sup>the</sup> dumbheaded contrariness of horse and jacks. "Why, Asher, both animals, as far as I can see, are <sup>doing very well</sup> perfect ~~affairs~~. Are you sure

"That you are not drawing a bit on your imagination?"  
 That was the last cobble stone <sup>which</sup> ~~that~~ wrecked the schooner.  
 I am afraid ~~that~~ I was not very communicative for <sup>after that</sup> awhile.  
 But when I suggested ~~that~~ <sup>thunder</sup> a storm was raging toward the  
 desert and when we came to Round Valley, I suggested that  
 we leave a note for Jepsom and go down to Tamarack  
 Valley, where there was an old cabin we could take refuge  
 in if it should rain. Stubenranch agreed that it would  
 be a good plan to camp there for the night. But on arrival  
 we found no shakes that the roof was minus shakes and  
 so was quite open to the sky. It was almost dark when  
 Jepsom arrived. "Where's Jepsom?" queried Stubenranch. "Gone  
 home with the two horses." <sup>snapped</sup> ~~answered~~ Jepsom, "Where <sup>is</sup> the  
~~rats?~~ do we eat?" We ~~each~~ had <sup>my</sup> a saddle-blanket to wrap  
 ourselves up in that night. But it was warm and I slept  
 completely oblivious to the storm until a rear-by <sup>of thunder</sup> clap brought me  
 up sitting fully awake. The whole eastern sky was ablaze with  
 flashing of continual lightnings and the reflections from the clouds.  
 The thunders were likewise continuous, like the roarings of a tre-  
 mendous surf on some prehistoric shore - if you know what  
 that is like. I glanced at my watch. 1 P.M. to the dot. We were all three  
 fully dressed, not I lay back on the ground, with my thoughts busy  
 on what to do when the storm struck. Soon a big drop of  
 rain fell dead center spot on my nose. My splutterings brought  
 Stubenranch awake: "What's happened? What's the trouble, Asher?"  
 "Rain!" By that time the drops were coming fast. "We had  
 better get into the cabin" suggested Stubenranch. "Yes," I  
 assented. "and we'd better fix our saddle blankets over." <sup>Stuben</sup>  
 He agreed, and helped hoist me up on the roof. ~~Although~~ the shakes  
 were gone, rafters and sheathing were still in. I arranged my blanket  
 in place. Stubenranch then handed me his and turned to get Jepsom.  
 But there was no Jepsom! He had vanished utterly. We  
 called repeatedly, but the only reply came from the crashing of  
 the thunder, which was well nigh deafening. "Let him go," finally  
 concluded Stubenranch. "Let him get wet good and plenty. We should

worry, and, by George we will worry. Look at all that water, will you!" sure enough, inside the cabin, directly under the blankets I had so carefully arranged, was a sheet of water inches deep already. But there were some loose timbers handy and we managed to chivy them into place under our - need I say it - now dripping blankets. "Well this surely looks like damp weather" said Stubbs ranch as he gingerly balance himself on one of the timbers. Well, we two stood there and admired the scenery through the open door until dawn. And it certainly was scenery! Tamarack Valley is a little lake-like depression in the mountain side, with a little flat meadow of grass about an acre in extent, the grass extending right up to the foot of a rampart of tall tamarack trees. The rain was falling slantwise across the tree-trunks while the lightning giggaged in the heavens above and to right and to the left - in front - everywhere - illuminating the rain <sup>drops</sup> and the tree-trunks with a wierd light never to be forgotten - the trunks standing out like columns of ashes of roses marble against the inky dark of the depths of the forest beyond. Time and again Stubbs ranch admitted that he was wet - wet through - but that it was small price to pay for being permitted to view one of ~~great~~ shows of Nature at its grandest - a show exceeding in grandeur and splendor anything he had ever seen in his life. Dawn came. The rain ceased. The show was over. Two drowned rats stepped out of doors - out-o-doors! - who ever said out-o-doors! It was wetter indoors! At least it seemed so. Water does disappear so quickly from the loose granite soil of these primitive So. Calif. Mts! We huddled about, found some dry sticks under an overhanging stone, perhaps it was some of the dead stalks of the white sage Old Kate had previously told me about. At any rate, we got a brisk fire going, and were engaged in an effort to our persons out a bit when the <sup>one</sup> comes near Professor stalky into camp Willis L. Jepsom dry as a bone <sup>sucked berries!</sup>

(4) "When do we eat?" he <sup>inquired quite innocently</sup> ~~asked~~ <sup>There was</sup> ~~last~~ <sup>straw</sup> on  
Camel ~~the~~ Professor Stubenranch's back. We ~~will~~ <sup>could</sup> draw the  
curtain here for a while. ~~We may as well draw the curtain~~  
for a few minutes. ~~With the coming of the sun and hot coffee, ham-eggs etc~~  
under our belts ~~but~~ <sup>we</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>we</sup> began to feel more cheerful. Even  
little Stubenranch became quite jocular. And if Jepsen objected  
to being classed as a genuine bred-in-the-bone aborigine he kept  
his thoughts to himself, and when we started for the Peak ~~the~~  
~~two~~ <sup>he and Stubenranch</sup> were as chummy as - well - as chummy as two young  
girls off on a lark. They became chummier and chummier as we  
toiled upward until it struck <sup>we</sup> all of a sudden that they ~~they~~  
~~became~~ <sup>quite</sup> ~~quite~~ too chummy altogether - that I was out of it -  
the ~~third~~ <sup>third</sup> fabled third ~~person~~ who makes a crowd - and I  
~~really~~ <sup>really</sup> felt real hurt about it. ~~and~~ I kept feeling hurt  
and hurt, and wetter and wetter, and miserabler and misera-  
biller until I came to a sudden decision to end it all right  
then and there. Hastening up to the two I present my oral  
resignation - said resignation to take effect immediately. I was  
going home to camp. I was going alone sans donkey. <sup>said</sup> I would tie  
the picket-rope around the donkey's neck, give him a whack  
on his rump - and would guarantee that he would get home  
to the stable long <sup>before</sup> any of us would be half-way down the  
trail. Jepsen assumed his sternest aspect. "Asker" he promul-  
gated, "You are going to stay with that ~~donkey~~ <sup>donkey</sup> until you deliver him  
in person at the stables." and with that he again started up the  
trail. Well, was any unruly student ever squelched like this one?  
"All right," I said meek as could be. "I'll stay with him <sup>also</sup> <sup>for</sup> <sup>not</sup> <sup>going</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>Peak</sup> all right."  
~~Also~~ I am going to stay <sup>here</sup> to make a fire and dry out. There  
was no response to this ~~sally~~ <sup>sally</sup>, and ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> just what I did.

On the return trip we ~~met~~ <sup>met</sup> Lumber near the top  
of the Long Canyon Trail, and decided to stop there for lunch. After  
lunch I made another appeal to Jepsen for permission to turn  
the donkey <sup>home</sup>. I might as well have addressed old San Ber-

gonio Peak for all the encouragement or sympathy I got. However, when we had everything on the donkey again and were ready to start, Jepson issued marching orders: - "You Arnold, go along with Asher on the horse and help him if necessary with the burro. Lumbré and I are going down a different way. There are some lupins west of here we want to investigate." And the two of them were off. "Asher" <sup>observed Stubenrauch</sup> ~~it seems as though~~ we are elected ~~unanimously~~ <sup>elected!</sup> ~~his leadership!~~

Donkey and horse and professor and what ~~have you~~ that chap called Asher proceeded in a procession down the trail and across Tangutz Valley to head of Tangutz <sup>Trail</sup>, all very amicable and peaceably friendly-like. - Stubenrauch on his <sup>be pardon,</sup> ~~stream~~ my horse, Asher leading a quite docile donkey, Asher and Stubenrauch chatting on various subjects - trees, the Tangutz Peak and the alleged ~~sleeping~~ volcano, flowers, horses and men. That brought us to the subject of certain horses lying down with three full-grown professors on their backs. Stubenrauch laughed. Jepson warned Lumbré and myself to keep mum, but <sup>really</sup> you are one of us, ~~I would say~~. That was yesterday morning after leaving the Hotel we lost our way, and it was an hour <sup>or</sup> so before we finally found the foot of the trail. I fancy the horses had become quite disgusted with such proceedings by that time, for when we reached the steep part <sup>of the trail</sup> every last nag lay down in his tracks. That's the truth! Luckily none of ~~suffered any injury~~ It was lucky that no one ~~was~~ injured, but it is probable the nags were experts and knew just how to settle down without injury to riders. We got them on their feet again and mounted; But when we tried to get them going ahead again, down again they went. So we led the three creatures all the way <sup>the foot of</sup> ~~to~~ Long Canyon where we found your note <sup>Nag and</sup> ~~donkeys~~ gone on ahead. Jepson laughed more over that note than a little. But allowing those horses



to work us that way was absurd. Of course we were not entirely at fault. These horses have undoubtedly played the same trick on many other riders, who had laid down their job of riding just as certainly as the mounts had laid down their jobs of carrying their riders up the trail, including the steep parts. If ever I see that stableman I shall talk to him like a Dutch - "at this interesting <sup>point</sup> in the delivery of the lecture, Stubenranch's <sup>beg pardon again</sup> my horse, lay down right in the trail. Stubenranch landed extricated himself and without a word <sup>on the jump</sup> <sup>again</sup> <sup>again</sup> stopped the horse, its feet and again <sup>dismounted</sup>. Down went horse again. Stubenranch <sup>but</sup> <sup>with color</sup> mounted rising to his cheeks. Horse jerked the horse up. <sup>in short order</sup> again he mounted and again horse lay down. "I give up" granted Stubenranch "and I beg your pardon for what I said yesterday." "For the life of me I can't see how you had the patience to stay with these two animals. By the way, Jepsen <sup>also</sup> told me to <sup>tell you</sup> <sup>give the word</sup> that when we reach the hotel we are to <sup>especially to Miss Blank</sup> keep our mouths shut about the happenings <sup>on</sup> this trip." I assured him that no lady reporter would ever get a <sup>squeak</sup> <sup>peep</sup> out of me, nor did she. Nor the other one. Nor neither one out of Stubenranch. But Jepsen must have <sup>dropped a hint</sup> or two. He was dancing with <sup>Miss Blank</sup> ~~the lady~~ <sup>admitted something</sup> <sup>because</sup> that evening at the hotel. He must have <sup>because</sup> when the story of "Professor in the Rain" came out in a certain newspaper, there was a very good <sup>were</sup> certain parts of the story that could have <sup>come</sup> from none other than an eye-witness. But there <sup>were</sup> other exceedingly interesting parts that could not have originated in other than the fertile <sup>and</sup> <sup>brain</sup> <sup>of</sup> certain young lady reporter.

Working With Donaldson

Early in the following week one of the hotel employees informed me that a man with whiskers and long hair had been looking

(17) for me, and had left word that he was camping in Lily Canyon. No further information was forthcoming. I couldn't imagine who the man with whiskers and long hair - especially long hair, could possibly be. But my informant was firm in his declaration that the man wanted Robert Asher, and none other. Still puzzled, I decided to make camp in Lily Canyon - until I should hear from Donaldson, and I took my bedding etc up to Lily Canyon. The man-with-the-long-hair proved to be none other than Donaldson himself, with his two sisters. ~~of course, was free.~~ While in this camp I had no hand in the cooking, which was well, since all three of the Donaldsons were <sup>good</sup> cooks. One morning the mush had a strange flavor. In fact, it had more than a mere flavor. ~~We decided that~~ quite ~~salty~~ salty. Too salty. Much too salty. <sup>Having arrived</sup> at this conclusion, Donaldson turned detective. "Sister," he inquired gravely of the nearest lady, "did you salt the mush?" "I did" she said as gravely. "Sister," repeated Donaldson, turning to the other lady. "Did you salt the mush?" "I did!" "Well," continued Donaldson, "I salted the mush myself. That makes three times. We will have a fresh mess of mush, I think."

I was with the Donaldsons several days in the Lily Canyon Camp, then Donaldson saddled up one of his horses as a pack animal, and the two of us, <sup>needed</sup> ~~struck out~~ for the Thomas Ranch for a certain variety species of Calochortus. The main road passed through Keen Camp, but before reaching Keen's Camp, Donaldson, who was leading, made a detour, passing the camp some quarter of a mile to the south. I had suggested that we go through the camp, to get some desired article at the store there, but Donaldson greeted my suggestion with silence - and the detour. Arrived near Thomas Valley we secured our quota of Calochortus ~~Luteus~~ <sup>Luteus</sup> ~~Canalorum~~ and started on our return trip, with our quota of Calochortus Palmeri <sup>undyed</sup> shell. ~~we~~ <sup>we</sup> ~~found~~ <sup>found</sup> a little grassy dale leading westward, and on one side, between several big pine

(18) we ran across a thickly growing colony of the Calochortus we were seeking. The main part of the bed was very nearly ~~square~~ <sup>about</sup> 36 ft across and very nearly square. While Donaldson was tying up the pack animal, I took off my pick and roughly outlined the thick growing part. Donaldson was ready with his pick by that time, so I suggested that we "mine" for the bulbs instead of digging out each one separately. Donaldson agreed. So I marked a line with my pick across the center of the square. "What are you doing that for?" inquired Donaldson sharply. "Mining claims. This is my claim, and that is yours." "All nonsense!" grunted Donaldson. "All right," I said, "This is your claim, and that is mine." and without further parley I stepped to "my claim" and struck the pick into the ground, and pried out a bit of earth. A second and a third stroke, and I uncovered a little lobe that looked like honey. "See what I've found." I called out to Donaldson, still a bit surly, conceded a "Well, what?" "Looks like honey" "Can't be honey" "What is then?" I demanded slamming the pick into the ground again. I noticed a yellow jacket buzzing around near my knees, but gave no heed as I again slammed the point of the pick home. This time I noted about a dozen of the insects. Another stroke of the pick, and I suddenly realized that I had rudely disturbed a yellow-jacket's <sup>nest</sup> and that there were about a million of them bumping into ~~their~~ <sup>my hair and the canvas bag,</sup> ~~between my ears.~~ Jerking my white ~~canvas~~ caps from my head I made dash for the nearby brush, madly slapping at the infuriated insects with the white caps. After zigzagging through the manzanita for about twenty minutes I decided that I had at last duded the enemy, and as I

That opening we debated the origin of my "honey", and while neither of us had ever heard of yellow-jackets, we decided that it was nothing else but a yellow-jacket honey. An early returning first winter, however, disclosed the fact that they were picked from the gold honey of a pine tree.

was quite winded, sat down to catch my breath. As I replaced my cap. Vain delusion. No sooner had the cap settled down over my fevered brow than bang! a yellow jacket! another, and another! I singly moved away from that place, <sup>accelerating my pace</sup> nor did I <sup>smallly</sup> lose my the last plants - ~~much~~ <sup>plants</sup> ~~plants~~ And when I finally made sure of immunity of further attacks, I was some half a mile up the mountainside north of my late mining claim. I figured that Donaldson had probably moved down the draw to the west, so I manoeuvred ground ~~and~~ to the lower end of the draw and cautiously worked up. But no Donaldson! Sneaking from tree to tree I finally heard the <sup>downed pine</sup> ~~sound of a sick~~ <sup>only a few yards yellow-jackets</sup> ~~It was~~ Donaldson busily digging away ~~in the~~ <sup>yellow</sup> jackets were in sight, and although he had been so close to me in the beginning, none had deigned to molest him ~~or make him afraid~~ like they did me. Carl Purdy was down to the San Jacinto Mountain some years later, and on the way he stopped over at Los Angeles to see Donaldson. Purdy write me that Donaldson was still laughing <sup>at the night</sup> of Asher running and slamming at the air with his white caps. Well, its real nice that some one had some fun. And it is possible that it was that selfsame white cap that saved my life: - the cap furnished the bright and shining mark for yellow-jacket <sup>all we needed</sup> marksmanship. We finished digging the calochortus. But I was feeling down in the mouth. Donaldson had beaten me two to one in the number he dug per ~~hour~~. He did an average of 1200 good bulbs, while the best I could make was around 600. But, Donaldson, was a good sport, after all, and comforted me by comparing his own work with Purdy's. Purdy could beat Donaldson two to one in spite of his - Purdy's - big hands. "They are big" averred Donaldson, "but they are

delicate as a girl. The things he can do with those awkward-looking hands is amazing." After having attempted to dispel the clouds of gloom that were still darkening my ~~alabaster~~ brow, he switched back to Calochortus bulbs, reminding me that when we were buying Calochortus Luteus Concolor that I had outdone him at the ratio two to one, that one man might excel at one thing and another at another with no blame attached to either for failure to keep up with tother. This sounded like good philosophy. So I turned the subject by again suggesting that we go by the store at Keen's Camp, to get the item his sister wanted. He rather reluctantly agreed, and when we came to the turning off point, kept straight ahead on the road. However, when we were in sight of the store, he ~~suddenly~~ stopped, ~~then~~ handed the horses rope to me. "You keep straight on" he commanded, "until you get a bit past the store. Then wait for me." With that he took off to the left. As I got nearer the store I saw a woman on the front porch waiting ~~for me~~ with a Kodak in her hands all ready to shoot. She gave me one sharp look, then settled back into her chair, while I passed on unkodaked. I <sup>had</sup> waited <sup>after passing the store for</sup> about five minutes when Donaldson ~~suddenly~~ <sup>quietly</sup> appeared by my side. "Who!" he ~~grew~~ <sup>exclaimed</sup> "That was a close call! Did you see her? They have 'em at every resort and they have no respect for anybody - not even their own grandmothers. If I want to grow long hair, that's my business. The way they act one would think that a man with long hair like Nature intended, was a freak. Well, we fooled that <sup>this time</sup> one all right!" And I fancied that I heard a quite un-Donaldson-like chuckle.

Home Again (Rifle & Camera at Depot)  
gone!

See Map

# Notes, Engraving

Stub arrives puffing like a porpoise.

Jepson ~~said~~ <sup>used</sup> to take my horse

I protest. Where is yours?

Stub scoffs at my tiredness <sup>while</sup> been riding. He had walked

Jepson greatly amused at my

~~All horses I and he had taken horses back to stable~~

~~The lost in strambens. Then when find trail horses sit down  
Had lost an hour.~~

Stub says Jepson would be along for me to go.

I remark that no potatoes in grub box.

Cook had told Prop a cache in Round Valley plenty <sup>of</sup> spudst <sup>of</sup> sugar <sup>that</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>there</sup>

Jepson catches my horse in Round

Can not find cache.

Heavy clouds & thunder & lightning to N. E.

I advise going down to Tamarack Valley - old cabin there  
Agreed.

Find cabin - but shakers gone

Get supper. Sit around fire. Get to bed with clothes on  
Only 1 saddle blanket each.

Before getting to sleep I make plan in case of rain.

Am awakened by heavy crash of thunder near by

Look at watch - 1 o'clock. Big drops coming. Wake men,

Tell them my plan, they agree.

I hand my blanket to stub & he helps me to roof. I  
place both blankets, and then call for Jepson. He says

"Oh well, let him. Let him get wet if he's so independent  
(over)"

Make fire

6

June, 1903

Gettin' B'ost. Jap turns up. Dry as a bone. Wouldn't say where he had been. Stub, vexed. "Why not tell us" Here we are wet through. Stub, gleam through meal. I think something must be done to dispel gloom. Hand pencil and paper to Stub. Can you show me how to make a rectangular triangle. Stub puzzled. Then how about making a Maltese Cross. Jap, yields like Conanche Ind.

I wouldn't have thought it of you after all I have been doing for you. Jap. Realizes laughter, must take - so names about nature. show. Stub. relents so far as Jap is concerned - but seems to have transferred <sup>object of</sup> grouch to me.

Starts for peak. I behind. They go two fast. Slow down. Think as two pass they forget me again. I call to them. They wait for me to arrive. I'm going to stay here and dry off. I've been to Peak. O.K.

On way home ~~stop~~ stop for lunch at head of Lay trail. 2 mules arrives. We rest. I plan to get ride of donkey. No go. You stay till stable No Arnold. you take horse + go Asher. 2 m. + I going home diff way. To west. Surprises <sup>not a word to those females.</sup>

Stub still offish till we get to divide. Lecture on foolishness of memorizing the maps. Reach steep part. Horse sit after 3rd try Stub. gives up. I apologize <sup>to you Asher I don't believe you ever learned</sup>

B. 3-line stanzas

(3) Synonyms

scratch  
match  
catch

At Hotel greeted by Miss Norton  
No info. Dance. Don't dance. Stub. ~~clutch~~  
Come anyhow. So. Stub + I wallflower ~~back~~  
Waltz begins. As couples whirl by ~~quack~~  
are astounded to see Jess. Walling. Miss. Tomes  
both so engaged, talking to ~~mutual~~  
Stub gasps: Did you see that? ~~And he~~ ~~stall~~  
us to keep our mouths shut!